

JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Eighteen.)
break the law to the extent of bringing a car, and of course Sir Auckland will not. There would be no place to drive if he did for the island is only thirteen miles long, and a mile or two wide in the widest parts, while in some places the tide washes over the road from either side. Not much fun joy riding on Isleboro.

SIR AUCKLAND MAY SPEND TIME FISHING.

Sir Auckland will attend church in the little edifice built by the summer colony in which the Rev. George Grotton of Jenkinstown, Penn., is the rector this season.

If he is fond of the water he will have plenty of opportunity to sail and fish for the summer people literally live on the bay and races are held each Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. It will probably be news to most people, by the way, that Sir Auckland was wounded in France in 1915. As a result he is unable to play golf—a true deprivation to a Scotchman. He finds consolation however in other sports, notably swimming and tennis.

Thus far there are practically no Washingtonians in the cottages at Dark Harbor and for neighbors the ambassador will have Philadelphians, New Yorkers and Bostonians, many of whom have been going to the little Maine resort for generations.

The Serbian Minister and Mme. Grouitch got away last week, going first to Tuxedo, N. Y., where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Loomis, and the Peruvian Minister and Mme. Pezet—the former just back from a long trip across the continent—spent part of the time in New York. They went up to take part in the celebration of the Peruvian independence day—July 28—and took occasion also to meet Mme. Pezet's brother-in-law and sister, Senor and Senora de Barret, when they landed in New York. They came to Washington with the Pezets and will visit here prior to sailing for Lima.

AMBASSADOR BAKHMETEFF'S BROTHER IS REPORTED SHOT.

The Russian ambassador, Mr. Bakhmeteff, is also in New York for a short visit. Sometimes one wonders what would happen if the present Russian embassy staff here were "ordered" back to Russia. For the ambassador was sent over and presented his credentials as the representative of the Kerensky government, which seems to have—gone west! And Russia might not be entirely healthy under the Soviet government. In fact there was a story here last week to the effect that ambassador Bakhmeteff's younger brother had been shot in Russia recently on the strength of the connection. But the idea seemed to be that he was the brother of a staunch servant of the Tsar, which would seem to identify the unfortunate young man as a brother of Mr. George Bakhmeteff—former imperial Russian ambassador, who is now in Paris with Mme. Bakhmeteff, a sister of Trustin Beale, of Philadelphia and Washington. On the other hand one does not seem to remember that he had a younger brother of a student age—and Mr. Boris Bakhmeteff did have a brother Eugene, who was a student in Russia. It seems a bit hazy, like most of the news that comes out of Russia nowadays.

One more bit of diplomatic news before passing on to the doings of the rest of the world—and his wife, Prince Antoine Bibesco, according to a London dispatch, has been appointed Rumanian minister to this country. The prince is now secretary of the Rumanian legation in London. He is married to Miss Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the former premier of Great Britain. The advent of this interesting pair would be a matter of considerable importance in the social world, for Prince Antoine is a man of notable attainments and his wife has

inherited much of the beauty and brilliance of her mother, the famous Margot Tennant, who was immortalized by Benson in his "Dodo" and played by a certain poet as "the woman with the serpents tongue."

CHARLOTTE CAPERS TO WED IN SEPTEMBER.

With Charlotte Capers' marriage to Major Ralph Stover Keyser, U. S. M. C., set for September 2, she will be the last of the midsummer brides or the first of the autumn brides—depending on the way you look at it. It will be a very simple little home wedding, for the family is still in mourning for Miss Capers' father, the late John G. Capers. The bride's mother, Mrs. Frederick C. Towers, who is the only sister of the late Major Keyser, will be her only attendant. She was married—also at the Capers home, 1635 R street—less than a year ago. And Major William F. Egan, U. S. A., will be best man for Major Keyser.

The wedding over, the young people will be off for a bit of a wedding trip and then they'll settle down at Quantico, where Major Keyser is on duty. Miss Capers is a very charming girl and a popular one, and her wedding is an event of more than a little interest. She made her debut in Washington in the winter of 1917, when she was married to the late Major Keyser. She also decided to be married at home and the wedding will necessarily be small, since Miss Kindelberger's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David M. Kindelberger, live in an apartment at 1808 K street. Afterward there'll be a reception, but so far the bride hasn't decided whether it will be a very small informal function in the apartment or a big one—comparatively—at Rauscher.

The size of the bridal party is also still in doubt, but Mrs. Patrick Hurley (Ruth Wilson) is expected from Oklahoma to be the matriarch of honor. Major Kirby is chief of staff of the army service with headquarters in Washington, so he and his bride will make their home here next winter—unless his detail should be changed. Preparations for her wedding are so engrossing and it continues so delightfully cool here, that Miss Kindelberger is planning to stay on in town all summer, with occasional week-end visits to friends in the country by way of a holiday. She will have good company, for the two girls have been inseparable friends since they were children, but she is in deep mourning. You remember her father and mother, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Richardson Clover, who died within a few weeks of each other. And, at the time Mrs. Holcomb was just getting over a severe operation, so poor child, she has had more than her share of trouble lately. However, she's quite well again now. Her sister, Miss Rudora Clover, is spending the summer on the Clover ranch in the Napa Valley, Cal., and is said that she and Miss Gladys Hinckley are going abroad next winter to visit the Princess and Prince Andrea Boncompagni at Rome.

CHURCH WEDDING FOR MISS MINNA BLAIR.
The marriage of Miss Minna Blair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Blair, to Richard C. Holliday, Jr., is to take place some time in October, but I don't suppose definite plans will be made until the Blairs get back from Hyannisport, Mass., where they are spending the summer. They had originally intended to have a country wedding at Falkland, the old Blair place at Silver Spring, Md., where Miss Edith Blair and Commander "Dolly" Station were married some two years ago, but I believe now the little bride has declared in favor of a church wedding. Perhaps, however, the ceremony will be in town, and the reception at Falkland—for nobody seems to mind distance in this day of high power motor cars.

Miss Blair will probably have her sister, Mrs. Station, as matron of honor, and then there's a younger sister, Virginia, who will doubtless be in the wedding party. She would have been a debutante last winter, but she was too much interested in the course in nursing, undertaken while the war was on, to give up her work for anything so frivolous as society. One wonders will she really stick to nursing as a profession? If Miss Blair had a big wedding party, and undoubtedly she will have if she's married in church—I venture to predict that Miss Cecelia McCallum and Miss Adelaide Tuttle will be in her wedding party, and possibly Mrs. Streeter Flynn, who was formerly Miss Margaret Tuttle. However, it may be that Mrs. Flynn will not want to stay East that long nor come

back again for the wedding all the way from her home in Oklahoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, who came to Washington a few weeks ago to visit her family, the LeRoy Tuttle, are now camping in Canada, and Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle have gone to the Adirondacks.

They have a camp on Big Moose lake, where they spend part of every summer. Mrs. Tuttle may go on there for September, and Mr. Tuttle a series of visits in New England and will spend some time with the Blairs in Hyannisport.

YARROW-HOLTZMAN WEDDING CAUSES FLUTTER HERE.

The news of Mrs. Phyllis Hare Yarrow's marriage to William Frederick Holtzman, which took place on Monday, caused quite a little flutter of interest here, for Mrs. Yarrow, a radiant little thing, has come a visiting in Washington quite frequently and "freddy" Holtzman used to live here. It seems that he's now making his home in New York and comes down every once in a while to see his mother, Mrs. William F. Holtzman, who has an apartment in the Rochambeau. Of late, moreover, Mrs. Holtzman has been in Berkeley Springs, W. Va., so we've seen very little of Mr. Holtzman here.

From the first report I had of the wedding I gathered that it had taken place at Mr. and Mrs. Britton Brown's cottage in Cape May, but afterward it developed that the wedding party had only started from Cape May, that it was a genuine, honest-to-goodness development and that the knot was tied in Elkton, Md. Presumably the bride's mother, Mrs. Emeline Hare, of Philadelphia, disapproved of the wedding—or hadn't been told about it. Both Mr. Holtzman and his bride are divorced. His first wife was Miss Gathier Bonney, of Louisville, Ky. What time she lived in Washington—she went home to her family in Louisville a year or two after she was married—the Holtzmans and the Britton Browns were inseparable and one used to meet the foursome together all the time. The Hares are exceedingly prominent in Philadelphia, and Phyllis married. I understand she has been spending the summer at Cape May.

"They do say," and a Philadelphia newspaper has printed the story—that two days after the ceremony there were still raging, and one wonders if there will ever be peace in our generation.

The games this year are being held in Antwerp. The roses are abloom and bunches of flowers and baskets of fruit are being sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. At least they were when we touched there eight years ago on our way to Stockholm—and one sits in the pleasant cafes on the edge of the sidewalk and forgets that the ancient city has been a stronghold through centuries of warfare and received a new baptism of blood from the German guns.

MRS. DONALDSON TO TENNIS SON COMPLETE AT SEAS.

Mrs. T. Q. Donaldson, wife of Brigadier General Donaldson, will be at Antwerp at the time of the games, as her son, Capt. T. Q. Donaldson, Jr., is entered in the tennis tournament. Her daughter, Miss Marysue Donaldson, who has been visiting her brother and sister-in-law at Coblenz, where he is on duty, will be present, and "young Mrs. T. Q." (Elizabeth Rumbough, too, Mrs. Delos Blodgett and her daughters, Miss Helen Blodgett and Miss Mona Blodgett, were also expected to attend when they sailed for Europe a fortnight or so ago.

I haven't heard of any other Washingtonians who are planning to attend—although Europe is full of 'em and any of them may turn up at the games. But there's Colonel Thompson. He's abroad, traveling with his two small grandsons, Robert Thompson and John Pell, for company. And he'll never miss this chance to root for the American Olympic team, in which he has always been so keenly interested.

This time Mrs. Thompson is remaining quietly at her summer home, at Southampton, L. I. Her health has been frail for many years and her strength gives out when she tries to keep up with the dear old colonel, whose energy is simply boundless. Before starting off for Europe, you know, he took a party of guests out to Chicago in his private car for the Republican convention, and kept them and himself going at a tremendous rate all during the stirring days of the conference. Mrs. Thompson has Miss Hilda Sykes to keep her company at Southampton and she is constantly entertaining guests. Mrs. Sykes, who is a great deal of time to her garden, which is famous in a region thick starred with beautiful gardens, and she took several first prizes at the annual horticultural show held at Southampton last week. One was for her dahlias, one for her gladioli, a third for a combination of garden flowers, and a fourth for the most artistic and effective arrangement of flowers for the table.

WARRENTON CLUB GIRLS HAVE GARDEN HOBBY.

Aprons of gardens, did you ever head of the Flower Club in Warrenton, Va.? It's not the regular Garden Club of Fauquier County, which, by the way, is a branch of the Garden Club of America, but an informal little organization which was started about three years ago by a little



MISS PRISCILLA BONNER, Daughter of Lieut. Col. J. S. Bonner, who has found herself by a happy accident a leading lady in the movies.

group of girls and young married women who love flowers and have their own little gardens. Most of them work them entirely themselves, spend very little money on them, and have the happy faculty of increasing their output and enlarging their gardens by "swapping"—exchanging bulbs, clippings, slips, etc. Well, on Friday the club met with Mrs. Walter Robertson, who used to be Gertrude Williams of Washington. She had a delightful buffet supper for her guests and it was a very successful meeting.

Each meeting of the club centers about some certain flower in bloom at the time, and it is the custom for each member to bring her best blossom or blossoms and to leave them with the hostess—usually to be carried afterward to the sick or housebound. I recall being present once in the fall when the club met with Miss Ida Evans. I never saw such iris, all kinds and shapes and sizes and every variety of color.

I wish you could see some of the little gardens which these women have. One, the largest belonging to any club member, is the president's—Mrs. E. S. Turner. It is laid out in the rear of her house, with the most wonderful view on three sides, overlooks a magnificent sweep of lovely water lilies, also gold fish and even the necessary frog. Her roses are second to none. At present full her gladioli, which are about full bloom, hollyhocks, nasturtiums and sweet peas, could not be more perfect had they been grown by professionals. While Mrs. Turner's garden is a pleasure place—lately she has made sale of many flowers—her sales amount through the Woman's Exchange to \$6 and \$8 a day. She has a contract for furnishing the new Country Club with flowers twice a week. The other members are Mrs. C. Richards, Mrs. D. Richards, Mrs. F. Bowman, Mrs. Laz Noble, Mrs. Walter H. Robertson, Mrs. F. C. Thornton, Miss Virginia Vaughn, Miss Ida Evans, Miss Elizabeth T. Caine, Mrs. Charles Herndon, and possibly one or two others.

In the last two years when the regular Garden Club has held its annual flower show, the members of this little Flower Club invariably take the bulk of the premiums—this year Mrs. Turner took three blues and a red—and took three blues and a red—she won a ribbon in every class she exhibited. I would defy any florist to exhibit more perfect roses than Mrs. Herndon and Mrs. Turner. Miss Evans had this season the loveliest of sweet peas, and so many others were picked twice a day to send to sick people.

FAUQUIER COUNTY HOME OF NOTABLES.

Gen. Wendell C. Neville, U. S. M. C., was a recent visitor to Warrenton. A friend of his wrote me of his visit and continued speaking of his career in the last war. "Neville has been in every scrap Uncle Sam has had since he was graduated—not only that—he

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has been recognized, too, in every one." General Neville married Miss Howell, daughter of the late Admiral J. A. Howell, who made his home near Warrenton after he retired, and died there. (He lived with his daughter, Mrs. Belle H. Bonn.) The letter then continued:

"As I saw General Neville being greeted by many of his old friends here it crossed my mind how many notable persons I could recall in Warrenton and Fauquier County since I have known the place—about seventeen years, not to mention the ones we hear of and even read of in histories. I wonder if there is another little place of 1,400 inhabitants which can boast of more? Echo answers—few—if any. "We might begin with 1759—when Fauquier County was cut off from Prince William; Prince William from Stafford; Stafford from Westmoreland; and Westmoreland county was once from the Rappahannock to the Potomac river! We know from history—Volney that famous historian—a naturalist came to Warrenton once—it was no doubt then known as Fauquier Court House—with an introduction signed 'G. Washington.' Lafayette was once a visitor to Warrenton, not upon two occasions, then I learn of a visit of Gen. W. T. Sherman after the war—oh, I might mention any number of notables of that time. But coming down to more recent times—my date is about 1860—ago—to be exact, January 13, 1869—I looked down the Alexandria pike to see a party of horsemen coming toward Warrenton. It turned out to be the late Theodore Roosevelt—then President—with Surg. Gen. P. W. Rixey, U. S. N.; Capt. Archibald W. Butt, U. S. A., and Dr. Cary T. Grayson. It was about the time when Roosevelt had made a tour of the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers, and he wished to prove it possible. He rode to Warrenton and back the same day—and in recognition of the green and red here—he sent to 'the City of Warrenton' a handsome photo of himself in riding clothes—taken from a painting by Carl Melcher in 1908.

It is written by Roosevelt himself: "To the city of Warrenton with the regards of Theodore Roosevelt. On January 13, 1909, at 3:40 a. m., I rode away from the White House in company with Surg. Gen. P. W. Rixey, U. S. N.; Capt. Archibald W. Butt, U. S. A., and Dr. C. T. Grayson. We reached Warrenton at 11 a. m., took lunch, were most warmly and hospitably greeted by the people of Warrenton, and at 12:30 again mounted our horses and started back, reaching the White House at 8:40. The last thirty miles we rode with a driving team in our faces. We each drove four horses. T. R." The photo hangs in the Warrenton Library.

I think Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., visited Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Wise while his father was President. I also recall Miss Helen Taft came to Warrenton while William H. Taft was in the White House for a fox hunt. I also might mention John Barton Payne, William J. Bryan, William G. McAdoo (I didn't see him), and a squadron of U. S. N. Capt. Archie W. Butt, U. S. A., and Dr. C. T. Grayson. We reached Warrenton at 11 a. m., took lunch, were most warmly and hospitably greeted by the people of Warrenton, and at 12:30 again mounted our horses and started back, reaching the White House at 8:40. The last thirty miles we rode with a driving team in our faces. We each drove four horses. T. R." The photo hangs in the Warrenton Library.

There is never a race meet or a Warrenton horse show when a list of notables from here there could not be given as visitors to Warrenton and Fauquier, while as residents of the county we can recall Chief Justice John Marshall, Simon Kenton—a clear friend of Daniel Boone—and of later times, the late Gen. Eppa Hunton, the late Gen. William H. Payne, Capt. John Quincy Marr, the first Confederate officer to fall in the civil war; Oscar Terry Crosby, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. I might write on forever—and had I time and space to mention the interesting people who I even recall—lately we had here Mrs. Philip Mark Shannon and Miss Hazel Shannon, of Buffalo; their home is the old Milburn home

1168 Delaware avenue, where McKinley died. A visitor to Warrenton several years ago was Mrs. Wilbur K. Matthews, a daughter of Gen. Basil Duke, of Louisville, Ky., herself a noted violinist and to whom the late John Fox dedicated his book—"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

WASHINGTON SOCIETY GIRL PROVES STAR OF FILMS.

Miss Priscilla Bonner, a twenty-one-year-old society girl of Washington and Chicago, is one of the photoplay phenomena of the year 1920. This starts off like press agent stuff, but I know you'll be interested in hearing about this demure and thoroughly captivating damsel, who was born in Washington. Although the army service of her father, Lieut. Col. J. S. Bonner, made it impossible for her to remain a permanent member of the Washington social colony at that early age, she returned later at the age of sixteen to begin a course of study at Western High School.

Miss Bonner's career in motion pictures reads like a fairy story. During the latter part of last year, she lived in Chicago, where her father

was attached to the staff of Gen. Leonard Wood, and one fine afternoon she had a call from a man connected with Chicago photoplay interests, telling her to come to the studio right away to have some pictures taken. The movie man had really been given the wrong telephone number, but Miss Bonner, with audacious recklessness, instantly seized the opportunity and went to have her pictures taken. The picture men were so intrigued by her initiative that they took her pictures, and the result was so promising from a photographic viewpoint that she was given leave to film officials in California and urged to try for a place.

In California, she was an almost instantaneous hit. She worked in small roles with Jack Pickford for a short time, and when enrolled under the lance banner. In less than half a year she managed to qualify as leading woman for Charles Ray and it is in a part of that importance that Miss Bonner will be seen this week at one of the Loew theaters in Mr. Ray's latest starring production, "Homer Comes Home."

JEAN ELIOT.

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